

11784 ll. 42
Love in the City;

A
COMIC OPERA.

As it is performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

The Words Written, and the Music compiled

By the AUTHOR of
LOVE IN A VILLAGE

D U B L I N:

Printed for W. and W. SMITH, P. WILSON,
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S. WATSON J. WILLIAMS,
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W. COLLES and
T. RYDER.

1767.



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To her GRACE the
Dutchess of Northumberland.

Madam,

IT has been a pride incident to the writers of every age to inscribe their productions to persons of high rank and fortune, so that when I prefix your Grace's name to this Dedication, I am justified in my presumption, as far, at least, as precedent can excuse it.

AND yet what can I say to your Grace upon the present occasion that the public has not already prevented me in? The glory of your ancestors; your liberality, which even equals the extent of your possessions; your magnificence among the rich; your condescension to the humble; are very bad topics for a poet, as they have neither novelty nor fiction to recommend them.

IT is not, therefore, so much to praise your Grace that I now address you; as to let the public see, that while they have freed me from the mean necessity of flattering worthless grandeur, I am capable of feeling, and acknowledging real greatness, when I subscribe myself,

Madam,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

THE
P R E F A C E.

TO those who find fault with an Opera, merely for being such, it will be in vain to say any thing in defence of this; indeed the absurdity attach'd to the musical Drama is so glaring, that there seems no great penetration necessary to discover it; and consequently any one who will cry out sing-song or tweedle-dee, is capable of turning it into ridicule. Yet it should be considered, that its absurdity, gross as it is, constitutes, in a great measure, its power of pleasing; and however preposterous it may appear for people to carry on their most serious affairs in a song, we find the mind accommodate itself to those sort of illusions on the Theatre, with so much ease, that it is little better than impertinence and pedantry to enquire into their propriety.

BUT I am afraid it is not only against those who find fault with Operas in general, that I shall at present have to defend myself; I make no doubt many will find strange fault with this poor Opera, in particular: the admirers of Lords and Ladies, and fine sentiments will, probably, quarrel with it for being **LOW**; but my endeavour has been, thro' the whole, to make my audience laugh; and however respectfully we may consider illustrious personages, I will venture to say they are the last company into which any one would think of going in order to be merry. With regard to what is called sentiment, it is not because I dislike it in its place that I have neglected it;

it; nor because there was any great difficulty to succeed in the pursuit; I could have got together, not only all the moral, but all the cardinal virtues, and half an hour's reading in the Oeconomy of Human Life, would have enabled me to ring the changes on them through my three acts, but I have deferred this to a better opportunity.

The music of this piece is almost totally comic, and generally characteristic; I would therefore advise those of my auditors, who do not taste it at the first hearing, to give it a second, nay a third and fourth; and after that, should they never desire to hear it again, I can tell them they happen to dislike what has been repeatedly approved, by all the polite nations of Europe.

The songs are not offered as poetical ones, for most of them have had the disadvantage of being written to their several airs, in which I was always confined to a particular measure, often to a word, and not unfrequently to a letter: indeed, though I may have employed very little wit and humour in the construction of this piece; labour and time it has cost me a great deal. If any one should be maliciously inclined to apply the hackney'd quotation of the Mountain's in labour, and brings forth a Mouse; let it be remembered, that I do not want to pass my Mouse for a Lion; I give it for what it is, a little squeaking thing, that has been produced with greater pains than it seems to require; certainly with more than it deserves.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Old Cockney,	Mr. Gibson.
Young Cockney,	Mr. Dibdin.
Barnacle,	Mr. Dunstall.
Spruce,	Mr. Mattocks.
Sightly,	Mr. Du Bellamy.
Wagg,	Mr. Shuter.

W O M E N.

Priscilla,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Penelope,	Miss Brickler.
Miss Molly Cockney,	Mrs. Green.
Miss La Blond,	Mrs. Thompson.

A Black Girl, and other Attendants.

SCENE, LONDON.

Love

LOVE in the CITY.

ACT I SCENE I.

A grocer's shop with a counting-house, to which there is an ascent by two or three steps; there is also a glass door with red curtains, which opens to a back parlour. When the curtain rises, Young Cockney is discovered in the counting-house writing, and two or three men behind a counter weighing tea, sugar and other things, which different people come in to buy. On the right hand nearer the front are Priscilla and Penelope; one seated and holding a skein of silk, while the other winds it off on a ball.

CHORUS.

HAIL! London, noblest mart on earth,
Unrival'd still in commerce reign;
Whence riches, honours, arts, have birth,
And industry ne'er toils in vain.

DUET. While to thy port,
Both worlds resort,
Their treasures to unlade;
Not more renown'd,
Thy name is found,
By conquest than by trade.

Y. Cock. Come, pray, ladies, go somewhere else with your work; is not there your parlour for you, but you must bring your litter into the shop? How do you think customers can come in, while you take up the place this way?

Pen. I wish, brother, you would let us alone.

Pris. Ay! mind your figs, and your raisins, and your brown sugar, and let us alone, do — Now Miss Penny, if you'll go in for your work-basket, we will take out the canvass and begin the flowers immediately.

Y. Cock. Come, Miss Prissy, get off that stool — I want to put it behind the counter.

Pris. There, take your stool, you nasty, ugly, conceited, ill-natured —

Y. Cock. Look now, did you ever see any thing so unmannerly? Miss Prissy, I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself; but this is the breeding you got in the plantations — You know you was turned out of Hackney boarding-school for beating the governess — I believe you think you have got among your blackamoors — But you are not got among your blackamoors now, Miss

Pen. Upon my word I wish you would never come together; you are always fighting and squabbling.

Y. Cock. Then why does she play such tricks?

Pris. Then why do you come near me? I neither love you nor like you, nor never shall; I have told you so a hundred times.

Pen. I swear one would think you were husband and wife already.

Pris. I his wife! — I would as lief marry the brick-dust man; I should not like to be called Mrs. Cockney.

Y. Cock. Why Mrs. Cockney is as good a name as Miss Tomboy, I believe — But that's not as you please — That's as my uncle Barnacle pleases; — and I can tell you, for your comfort, he will be in town to-day; and see what he'll say to you about the boarding-school.

Pris. I don't care for him, nor you, nor the boarding-school neither.

Y. Cock. By Jove there's a rod in pickle for you.

Pris. I tell you what, master Watty, if you say much more, I'll throw something at you.

Pen. Nay, nay, kiss and be friends.

Pris. I won't kiss him — I would spit in his face first.

Pen.

Pen. Pr'ythee! Pr'ythee!

Prif. I will not, Miss Penny; he never lets me alone; but I'll tell his papa of him; and, if he is not well thump'd for his impudence, I won't stay in the house.

Y. Cock. Look here again now — Well its all over then; I won't say any more — See how she frowns — Lord, there's no such thing as jesting with you — I was not in earnest — I was not, upon my honour and credit.

Come, Miss Prissy, deal sincerely,

Faith and troth I love you dearly;

Plsha! nay never look so queerly

But at once let us kiss and friends.

For the future, we'll endeavour

To deserve each other's favour.

Zooks, shake hands; why now that's clever.

And here all our quarrel ends.

SCENE II.

Priscilla who sits down to work, while she sings; a Negro Girl; and Penelope, who goes out, and returns after the air is ended.

Prif. Quasheba! Quasheba! bring down my catgut. Why don't you make haste? See how she lets it fall: take it up again — Here threadle my needle — where are you going now? — Stand behind my back.

Ye maidens all, come listen to my ditty,
And ponder well the words which I shall say;
A damsel once there dwelt in London city,
Whose tender heart a young man stole away.

Her guardian, cross, would fain have had her marry
A grocer's prentice living in Cheapside;
But he with her his point could never carry;
For sooner than consent she would have dy'd.

Ye maidens, by this damsel take example,
 And never fickle nor false hearted prove,
 Nor let old folks on your affections trample:
 For what's the world compar'd to one's true love?

Pen. I observe you are always singing that song —
 Pr'ythee where could you pick up such stuff? It seems
 to be a great favourite of yours.

Pris. Why so it is—for what do you think — I made
 it myself; I did upon my —

Pen. Oh, fie! don't swear.

Pris. Lord you are mighty precize — Quasheba, get
 out, I want to talk with Miss Penny alone — or stay,
 come back, I will speak before her — But if ever I hear,
 hussy, that you mention a word of what I am going to
 say to any one else in the house, I will have you horse-
 whipp'd till there is not a bit of flesh left on your
 bones.

Pen. Oh, poor creature!

Pris. Plha, — what is she but a Neger? If she was at
 home at our plantations, she would find the difference;
 we make no account of them there at all: if I had a
 fancy for one of their skins I should not think much of
 taking it.

Pen. I suppose then you imagine they have no feel-
 ing?

Pris. Oh! we never consider that there — But I say,
 Miss Penny, I have a secret to tell you — I hate your
 brother worse than poison; I know your uncle Barnacle
 has a mind to marry me to him; but if my father left
 him my guardian, and I am sent to England for my edu-
 cation, I don't see any right he has to chuse me a hus-
 band.

Pen. And pray what is it you dislike in my bro-
 ther?

Pris. Why I don't know; I don't like him at all, he
 has nothing gay or agreeable in him: besides you know
 he will be but a grocer, and why should I marry a
 tradesman, when I can have a gentleman?

Pen. Can you?

Pris.

Pris. Yes, faith, can I; and one of the sweetest, rettiest gentlemen you ever set your eyes on: quite another thing from your brother, with a nice bag and sword.—I dare swear the lace of his coat alone would burn to a matter of three or four guineas.

Pen. And, pray, what is this gentleman?

Pris. You saw him once. Don't you remember the young captain that came into Miss La Blond's shop the other day when you were buying your pompadour and green ribbons; and asked you if you did not think him a handsome man, and you said you did?

Pen. I believe I remember something of it.

Pris. Well, I got acquainted with him there; and now the whole thing is settled between us, and we are to be married immediately.

Pen. This is a secret indeed!

Pris. Ay, and I can tell you a secret about you too—You are to be married to a lord—Your papa and your cousin Molly have fixed it.

Pen. You don't say so!

Pris. Its true indeed; with some very great lord; your cousin Molly has got acquainted with at the other end of the town; but shall I tell you now, who I hate as bad as your brother? I hate your cousin Molly Cockney, with her conceit and her hoarse voice—She's always at me—"Miss hold up your head—Miss, that is not polite—Miss, don't lollop."—I cod, last Sunday, if we had not been in church, I would have hit her a slap in the face.

Pen. Well, but, my dear, how are you to marry this gentleman? You don't design to run away with him?

Pris. No, I don't; I have written a letter to him to let him know my guardian will be in town to-day; and I have desired him to come here, and propose for me.

Pen. I am sure my uncle will not consent.

Pris. Why then I will run away with him—I don't think, if he was to stand with his arms open to receive me, but what I could leap out of the two pair of stairs window, without being hurt the least bit—Besides—I would

would not marry your brother on another account —
 'There is poor Miss La Blond, the milliner over the way;
 he has been courting her a matter of a twelve month,
 and, tho' she's come of French distraction, there is not a
 more friendlier girl this day in all England.

Pen. Well, once more, I say, take care of my uncle.

Pris. Miss Penny, it does not signify talking to me; I
 am neither in leading-strings, nor hanging-sleeves; and
 as I don't want him to leave me any thing, why should
 not I please myself?

Perhaps he may take it in dudgeon;
 So let him — the peevish curmudgeon —
 I'gad if you mind me,
 As stout you shall find me,
 As he is bluff.

The captain has won my heart,
 And who shall my humour thwart?
 I like him, and love him;
 And since I approve him,
 I'll have him, and that's enough,

I'm sick when I think of your brother!
 And, was there on earth ne'er another,
 He should not my mind subdue,
 To wed him they may force me,
 But then he'll soon divorce me,
 For faith he shall sing cuckoo.

SCENE III.

Penelope, Spruce.

Pen. Spruce! Spruce!

Spruce. Is the coast clear?

Pen.

Pen. There is nobody in the way but our friend Richard : nay do not stop to talk with me here, but lay hold of the opportunity : somebody will come into the shop and catch you.

Spruce. Has your father been sent for yet to the coffee-house ?

Pen. He is there now, I believe. About a quarter of an hour ago, a footman came to tell him that a gentleman wanted to speak with him at the Rainbow : he wore a flaming livery, and said his master was an officer.

Spruce. Just so — It is certainly my friend Wagg : I long to see how the rogue's regimentals become him — But why does my dear Penelope look so grave ? — Do you think your father would consent to your marrying a young mercer, just set up in business, should I go to ask him — On the contrary, are you not convinced that he has for some time entertain'd views of a very different nature for you ?

Pen. To marry me to a lord — Dear Spruce, it puts me out of patience when I think of it — Yet the very follies of parents should be respected by their children.

Spruce. Well, my dear, and I want you not to be an agent in this affair ; I only desire that you would be passive — You know I was so conscious of your delicacy in this point, that I was twice introduced to your cousin Molly, under the mock title of a viscount ; and had even been at her lodgings before I ventured to mention it to you.

Pen. Ay — my cousin Molly — it is she indeed, that has been chiefly instrumental in encouraging my father in those nonsensical notions — About ten years ago, she got a legacy of six thousand pounds, with which she removed into Westminster, and ever since that has been making herself ridiculous —

Spruce. Hum ! — She has sometimes the misfortune to be taken for a man in woman's cloaths — But I assure you she keeps company with people of distinction.

Pen.

Pen. Poh! poh! I know very well what sort of people of distinction she keeps company with — For instance, now, will you make me believe that a lady, very delicate in her conduct, not to say principles, would have suffered you to come to her house under a fictitious character. —

Spruce. Why, my dear, its in vain to deny that your cousin Molly is generally laughed at; and, to be sure, the lady who did me the honour to present me to her, loves her jest better than her friend, as most fine ladies do.

Pen. Well, Spruce, I shall only repeat what I have said to you on this subject already — You are welcome to follow your own inventions; but I solemnly declare and protest, I will not give you any aid or assistance.

Spruce. My dear, there is no more to be said — My friend is now with your father to desire permission for me to spend this evening with you — None of the family are acquainted with me — Farewel, my Penelope — and, when you see me next, I desire you will prepare to treat me with the respect due to my quality.

Indulgent pow'rs, if ever
You mark'd a tender vow,
O bend in kind compassion,
And hear a lover now:

For titles, wealth, and honours,
While others crowd your shrine;
I ask this only blessing,
Let her I love be mine.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Penelope.

What am I doing here? I am half afraid to ask myself the question — Little did I think this would be the consequence of an accidental meeting at Hampstead assembly — O, prudence! prudence! why did you not come to my assistance? — Why, says prudence, I did come, and brought reason along with me; but you would listen to neither of us — Ay, but says I, you came too late, you should not have suffered any one to speak before you — I had been listening to a young man, and he had made such work with my eyes, my ears, my heart — that when you came with your documents, I was incapable of listening to any thing.

Tell me, cruel Cupid, tell me,
How this mischief first beset me,
In a moment so to quell me?
He but woo'd and I was won;

Ev'ry kind expression charm'd me,
Ev'ry tender look alarm'd me,
Ev'ry gentle sigh disarm'd me
Till I lov'd but him alone.

Let me me then, on love relying,
Make a merit of complying,
For, his happiness, denying,
I alas! refuse my own.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to a view of Cornhill from the Poultry. On the right a grocer's shop, with Cockney, Grocer, over the door. On the left a milliner's, with La Blond, milliner, in golden letters.

Old Cockney enters with Wagg.

Old Cock. This, Colonel, is my habitation; but, no doubt, you have often heard of the old original golden sugar loaf, a shop of sixty years standing, and as famous, I believe, as any within a mile of Temple-Bar; I could have five hundred pounds good-will for my house if I was to quit it to-morrow, Sir; and I have no occasion for business. No, blessed be Providence, I have enough and enough: and, if after his lordship is married to my daughter, he should have any objection to my remaining in trade.—

Wagg. Why, Mr. Cockney, I shall deal ingenuously with you: his lordship has had some losses at play, which makes a sum of money necessary to him; and it was that first inclin'd him to think of your alliance.—For, as he said to me, death and fire, my dear Colonel, shall a man of my quality, for the paltry consideration of a few thousands, mix his blood with the puddle of a shop-keeper; a retailer of figs and sugar-candy; a fellow that, in selling a pennyworth of Spanish liquorice, will cheat the buyer out of three-farthings?

O. Cock. No, upon the word of a Christian, I never did.

Wagg. So I told him, Sir; I said I was sure you would not be guilty of such a thing for any consideration. However, between ourselves, Master Cockney, you shopkeepers are damn'd apt—you understand me.

O. Cock.

O. Cock. Ah! Colonel, you are a comical man.—Richard, is my daughter at home?—My daughter, Colonel, is as smart a girl as ever you laid your eyes upon—I have given her the best of educations—French, music—Mr. Thrum, our organist, says, upon the spinnet he never saw her fellow—And she has had a dancing-master, as I may say, ever since she was the height of a sugar-loaf.

Wagg. You have a son, too; have not you, Mr. Cockney?

O. Cock. Yes, Sir, and as fine a youth, I believe, as any in the city of London—You shall see him—Watty, child, come hither. There he is, Colonel—Why don't you make a bow to the gentleman?

Y. Cock. I hope you're pretty well, sir.

Wagg. A very fine youth, indeed, and has a charming head of hair—I think, Mr. Cockney, he is something like you.

O. Cock. You are pleased to say so, Sir—Go, child, go in to your business—That is one of the most surprising lads, Colonel, you was ever acquainted with—He has a Genus for every thing—I sent him to St. Paul's-School, where he read Virgil's Ovid, Propria Quæ Maribus—Syntax, and all the grand authors—but I was obliged to take him from his learning on account of an uncle—an odd man—a brother of my late wife's—He formerly kept this shop, but is now gone into the coal business, from whom there are considerable expectations—Not that I want, for I have enough and enough—but the boy's interest.—

SCENE VI.

Old Cockney, Wagg, and Miss Molly Cockney, *who enters in a sedan chair with a footboy before her.*

Miss M. Chairman, chairman I say, where are you going? Is there not a hall-door? Do you want to bring me thro' the shop?

O. Cock.

O. Cock Od's my life, but this is lucky.—As I am an honest man, here's my kinswoman—Cousin Molly, come out, pray come out—Here's a gentleman whom I am sure you'll be proud to pay your respects to.

Miss M. Chairman, open the door—I protest I am quite ashamed of going through the shop this way—And you, you little blockhead, have not I told you an hundred times——

O. Cock. Well, well, no matter; he will take more care for the future—What do you think—here's a messenger from his Lordship.

Miss M. What! from Lord Banter!

O. Cock. Ay! no less a man than a Colonel in the army, to let us know, we shall have his honour's company this evening to drink a dish of tea.

Miss M. Stand out of the way—Colonel—I have not the honour of being personally acquainted with you; but as a friend of Lord Banter's, I take the liberty to recommend myself to a participation of your good graces—

Wagg. First, madam, give me leave to salute you—A fine woman, Mr. Cockney—Damn me, I love a fine woman.

Miss M. Sir, you are very polite—I am vastly obliged to you, prodigiously obliged to you, indeed.

O. Cock. Do you know, Colonel, that it is all owing to my kinswoman here that I am likely to have his Lordship for a son-in-law? To be sure I might have done very well for my girl in the city—I had my choice of a cheesemonger, in Pig-street; or a glais-grinder, in Gutter-lane.

Miss M. But as soon as my cousin told me he could give his daughter twenty thousand pounds, Colonel; marry her to a Lord says I; such things offer for the city every day.

Wagg. Offer, ma'am! why I myself have had a commission since last New-market meeting to look out for a couple of East-India Director's daughters—If you knew of such a thing, there is an Earl and a Viscount ready---and I would even give a premium.

Miss M. Cousin Nic, have you presented the Colonel to my cousin Penelope?

O. Cock.

O. Cock. No, I vow to man, not yet.

Wagg. It is needless, Mr. Cockney: if your daughter bears any resemblance to your kintwoman, she can be little less than angelic.

Miss M. Do you think so, Colonel? I am beholden to you for your compliment howsoever—If you will excuse me a few minutes, I will go and inform my young relation of the visit she is to receive this evening.

O. Cock. I hope, Colonel, we shall see you too at the same time; and I beg you would continue to talk to his Lordship—But no doubt he is serious in this affair.

Wagg. Here, Brandevin, order up my carriage.

Sir, by every means expedient,
I shall prove your trusty agent;
How the Idiot chuckling stands?
And, sweet ma'am your most obedient:
Humbly thus I kiss your hands.

Mr. Cockney meant his Lordship
To bamboozle, pretty Miss;
I some little know of swordship,
And, observe me, look at this.

S C E N E VII.

Old Cockney, Young Cockney, Barnacle.

Y. Cock. O la! Papa! here's my uncle Barnacle;

O. Cock. Odso, is he! Brother you are welcome to town.—son Walter, run in and desire your uncle's chamber to be got ready directly.

Barn. Stay, hold young man—Who do you belong to?

Y. Cock.

Y. Cock. Why don't you know me uncle?

O. Cock. Ay don't you know Watt, my son Walter?

Barn. Why this is not your son Walter?

Y. Cock. Yes, but I am, upon my honour, uncle.

Barn. Upon your honour, sirrah!—And who told you, you had any honour? What has a shopkeeper to do with honour?—I knew you were always a conceited, idle young rascal—but who taught you to swear, and gave you vellum button-holes—and put all that flower and suet on your head?

Y. Cock. O lord uncle, don't spoil my hair.

O. Cock. Don't brother, don't—he's going among young ladies.

Barn. He's going headlong to destruction—but you had not better provoke me, Nic Cockney, you had better not provoke me—I desire he may take off that coat and waistcoat directly.

O. Cock. Well, well, he shall—don't be in a passion—step in, child, and take off your things.

Y. Cock. La! papa! upon my honour—

Barn. Again—Bring his every day cloaths and his fustian sleeves into the shop there—I will have him strip before my face!

O. Cock. Go, child, do as your uncle bids you.

Barn. Upon his honour indeed!—Why, Nic, I hear you are going to set up your coach, and marry your daughter to I don't know who—Trades-people are out of their senses now a days; no sooner are they a little above the world, but they must have town-house, country-house, laced cloaths—every night running to junketting gardens, and play-houses—and in a year or two, there is eighteen pence in the pound for their creditors.

Y. Cock. Well, now, uncle?

Barn. Ay—now you are something like—but why a ruffled shirt? I never wore a ruffled shirt, but on a Sunday,—and, come here—what's that I see at your knees—a pair of paste buckles—Why, Sirrah, you must rob the till, or go upon the road for all this—Give them me out—I will have them—and now let his frippery be sold at Rag-Fair; I should like to see it swinging under an old-cloaths man's penthouse.

Y. Cock.

T. Cock Pray, uncle, give me my buckles.

Barn. I will not, sirrah—and look at yonder door—how can you expect to have customers, while you keep your place in such a condition—When I was prentice, the first thing I did every morning, was to scrape and water the door—Here, have you never a shovel in the house?—Give him a shovel!—There, sirrah, go to work; and when I come out again, let me see the steps clean enough to dine upon.

You silly old ass,
To come to this pass:
At fifty your follies begin you?

Art mad, or in drink?
For my part, I think,
The devil himself has got in you.

And you, master fop,
Go stick to your shop,
And shew yourself handy and willing:

Or else, 'do you see,'
Take this much from me,
I'll cut you both off with a shilling.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Young COCKNEY.

Y. Cock. I won't scrape the door, I wish I may be burned if I do—Here, Richard, give the shovel to the porter, and let him do it—To set one out in such a condition before every body!—But I will get my coat and waistcoat again and put it on in spite of him—My father expects he will leave us something in his will, and so he bears with him; but he shall not make a fool of me, I can tell him that.

A plague confound the surly old Codger
 Always a teasing one out of one's life,
 I wish he would never come here for a lodger,
 He brings nothing with him but mischief and strife.

What e'er you do or say
 Must be, forsooth, his way:
 Harping,
 And carping
 Night and day.

Contrary to go,
 Say yes, he cries no;
 And when in a passion,
 This still is the fashion,
 'Tis only a word and a blow.

SCENE IX.

Changes to the inside of Cockney's shop, Penelope enters before Miss La Blond, who carries a hand-box, as taking her leave.

Pen. Now, my dear, you will not fail to let me have those things in a couple of hours, for we expect our company early in the evening—And prythee let us see you sometimes—Where was you on Sunday? We were in expectation all that day you would have step'd over to us.

La Blond

La Blond. And, upon my word, so I intended—but in the morning I went to the gallery at St. James's to see the court go to chapel, for we were obliged to get a pattern of one of her Majesty's caps, for Mrs. Licarior, a Jew gentlewoman, that lives upon Fish-street hill—In the evening, Ensign Scald, of the Middlesex militia, took sister Sukey and I to the Dog and Duck, and coming home we call'd for a little fun in at the Quaker's-meeting.

Pen. But pray, my dear, let me ask you—Is there not some coldness between you and my brother of late?

La Blond. O la Miss Penny, as if you did not know;—Mister Watt has not put his foot into our shop these six weeks.

Pen. Upon my word it is the first I heard of it.

La Blond. However, Miss Penny it is not that vexes me, but his rudeness when he meets one in a public place.—The other night at Miles-end assembly, he took no more notice of me than if I had been a dog—I don't know that he had any reason to be ashamed of my company—I was there with Miss Flyblow, a great butcher's daughter, in Newgate-market; I'm sure she will have a matter of six thousand pounds to her fortune, and we came in Mr. deputy Dumplin's own chariot, that waited for us all the while.

SCENE X.

Penelope, *Miss* La Blond, Young Cockney.

Y. Cock. Sister, they want the key of the Beaufet, to get the spoons and silver candlestick.

Pen. Oh! brother! come here. How is it you have affronted Miss La Blond? She tells me you have behaved very ill to her.

Y. Cock;

24 LOVE IN THE CITY:

T. Cock. Who I behaved ill to her? Lord Miss L Blond, I wonder how you can say so, I'll be judged by any one in the world: I am sure if I have spoke to her I don't know the day when.

Pen. Well, and more shame for you.

La Blond. Oh! pray Miss Penny, don't scold him. Master Watty may speak or let it alone, and he is just as welcome to do one as the other. But, perhaps, Sir you think I don't know the reason of all this—There's a West Indian fortune in the case—I am below your notice now—but believe me you are every bit as much below mine.

Yet, thus far, a piece of my mind I shall utter,
I think you a poor, paltry, pitiful wretch;
An insect, which round them girls suffer to flutter,
But no one will deem them worth the trouble to catch.

And lest my behaviour you chance to misconstrue,
Add too, I resign to the lady my place;
But after such usage, you perjur'd vile monster!
I wonder you dare look me strait in the face.

S C E N E XI.

Penelope, Young Cockney, Barnacle, Sightly.

Barn. Business with me, Sir! Well, Sir, come this way, and let me hear it; I don't know that ever I saw your face before.

Sight. I don't believe you ever did, Sir; but, if you will have patience——

Barn. And suppose I don't chuse to have patience, are you to give me laws in my own house? No dragooning here, good captain, you are in the city of London, Sir; we are not to be put under military execution.

Sight. Sir I don't understand you.

Barn.

Barn. Sir, none of your rudeness to me—I have been understood by your betters; but I suppose you are disbanded, and want to raise money upon your half-pay—Well, I won't deal—I have lost money enough by the army already—I have a note of hand by me from one of your captains for four pounds ten shillings—

Sight. Sir my business is of a very different nature—There is a young lady who, I understand, is under your care; and if you will please to read that letter—

Barn. Ha! ha! ha! a letter from the young lady herself to you I suppose, Sir; desiring you to come and ask my consent to marry her?—So then you are a fortune hunter—What servant maid in the neighbourhood now have you been getting intelligence from, about this girl and her money?—And if you succeed, how much commission, how much brokerage?

Sight. Sir, I am a gentleman.

Barn. Well, Sir, and what then, Sir?—Have you got any money in the funds Captain? My father was a pin-maker, and I have forty thousand pounds there.

Sight. Sir, I must tell you—

Barn. You will tell me, I suppose, that fighting is your trade; and so you come *vi et armis* to cut my throat—If that's the case, I must call for assistance.

Sight. Upon my word, Mr. Barnacle—

Barn. Well, and upon my word too—I believe my word will go as far as your's, if you go to that—What, do you come to abuse me in my own house?—Do you know, Sir, that you have treated me with great ill manners?—I never was so used in my life—The first people in the kingdom have come cap in hand to me—And shall a puppy—

Sight. Puppy!

Look you, Sir, your years protect you,
No vain terrors need affect you,

B

Scorn

Scorn alone from me you'll meet ;
 But in pity, I advise you,
 Lest another should chastize you,
 Learn with gentlemen to treat.

For the lady free she chose me ;
 Neither brib'd, nor forc'd her voice ;
 And, however you oppose me,
 Know, I dare maintain her choice.

S C E N E XII.

PENELOPE, YOUNG COCKNEY, BARNACLE,
 SIGHTLY, PRISCILLA.

Barn. This is an incendiary ; we shall have an ill
 spelt letter to-morrow, or next day, thrown into the
 air, threatening to burn the house——Call him
 back——and, bid *Priscilla Tomboy* come hither
 ——I'll put an end to this affair directly. Cap-
 tain if you please, I would speak to you again one
 moment. Pray, Miss *Prissy*, did you ever see this young
 gentleman before.

Pris. Yes to be sure I did.

Barn. Well, but you never wrote to him, did
 you ?

Pris. Yes, but I did tho'.

Barn. And where did you get acquainted with him,
 Mistress ?

Pris. Why if you must know, I got acquainted with
 him at a friend's house.

Barn. A friend's house ! A friend of yours indeed.

Pris. Yes, a friend of mine——and he is my
 choice ; and, if you do not give your consent, I will
 marry him without it.

Barn. Fetch me the key of the back-garret.

Pris. You are going to lock me up.

Sight. Pray, Sir, do not use the young lady ill on
 my account.

Barn. Sirrah leave the house this minute,
 Or I'll send to my lord mayor.

Sight.

Sight. Sir I want not to stay in it ;
Wherefore do you rave and stare ?

Pris. You may lock me up in prison,
But I mind not that a straw ;

Y. Cock. Her'n the fault is more than his'n,
Pen. Uncle, brother, pray withdraw.

Barn. To bring up a romp's the devil——

Sight. } Did you ever see the like ?

Pris. }
Barn. Captain, pray, Sir, be so civil :

Y. Cock. } Hold, Sir, hold, you must not strike.

Pen. }
Barn. Life, and death, I'm out of patience,
And I will at nothing stick ;
So niece, nephew, ward, relations,
Gad I'll play you all a trick.

Y. Cock. } Stick at nothing ? pray, Sir, tarry ;

Pen. } What is it you mean to do ?

Barn. } Sblood ! you dog, you slut, I'll marry ;

Pen. Marry !

Y. Cock. Marry !

Pris. You Sir !

Sight. You !

Barn. Yes, I'll take a wife and fling you,
Take a wife and get an heir ?

All. } Heaven to your senses bring you,
} Ah, dear uncle have a care.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A little yard and garden behind COCKNEY's house ; other houses adjoining. PRISCILLA enters through a door in the flat scene, taking a letter from her pocket ; Miss LA BLOND following.

Pris. This way — come into the yard here — I am afraid to speak or do any thing in the house, I am so watched — Here is a letter for the captain — you will make apologies about my writing, because the lines are a little crooked — excuse my spelling too — And if he cannot make out all the words, do you help him.

La Blo. Never fear, I shall take it to his lodgings myself — but it seems your guardian used him very ill, this morning ; Master *Watt* was unmannerly too — But he swears vengeance against him.

Pris. With all my heart — Let him beat him while he is able to stand over him — but there is a rare bustle within — The old man swears bloodily that *Watt* shall not have me now — And he is going to send me back to the *West-Indies* directly — He is faith — He is gone to *Deptford* to speak to a captain of a ship — But I will not go back to the *West-Indies* for him — and what do you think I have done — I have persuaded *Watt*, that my love for the captain, and my writing to him, was all only a sham.

La Blo. A sham ? How could you do that ?

Pris. Lord by flattering him up — you may make him believe any thing if you tell him he is a pretty young man, and has handsome legs.

La Blo. Well, Miss *Prissy*, I am sure I wish to see you happy with all my heart ; but I am not unacquainted with the family of the *Cockneys* ; and believe me if they were not sensible that you were a young lady

lady of a very large fortune, they would not take so much trouble about you as they do.

Pris. I know that well enough——They are as frighten'd as the vengeance now about my going to Jamaica, because they think they should loose my money——So I have told *Watt*, that if he can manage it, I will go off with him to Scotland to-night where they say folks may be married in spite of any one.

La Blo. Go off with him to Scotland?

Pris. Now she is jealous——Hush! speak softly—it is agreed between us, we are to go out together as soon as it is dark, and it is about that I have written to the Captain——Don't you think that he could hit upon some contrivance to meet us in the street, and take me from *Watt*?——He shall not have much trouble, I will be willing enough to go;——and if he blusters and swears a little, the other will be afraid to say a word.

La Blo. Take you from him?

Pris. Ecod it is the only way to get me, for they will not let me stir an inch without somebody being after my tail——and if it is not done to night, it's odds if the old fellow does not pack me off to-morrow.

La Blo. Let me consider a little——so then they hope to patch up a clandestine marriage, and get a fortune by foul means, since they cannot do it by fair——A very pretty project indeed——But if I am not a bar to the execution of it the devil take me.

Pris. What are you thinking of?

La Blo. Why, look you Miss *Prissy*; this is an affair of great consequence, and should be well weighed before any thing is done in it——I dare to say the captain will rescue you; for I know he loves you as he does his life——But I will go to him, and come back and tell you what he says.

Pris. Do so, my dear soul——and after we are married you know, you may have *Watt* yourself if you like it, and I don't doubt but one day or other he will be an alderman.

La Blo. Leave that to me—I warrant I will make

them do me justice—I know too the Captain will undertake your affair.

Pris. And do you hear—desire the Captain's servant to come along with him, and tell him if he is a good fellow, when I am married to his master, he shall have as much rum as ever he can drink for nothing.

La Blo. Ay, ay, I shall not be a minute in running to his lodgings—do you only manage *Walt* in the mean time.

Pris. Never fear, never fear——But hold, stay a little——let me go first——if they see us come out of the yard together, perhaps they may take notice.

Now I fancy master *Walter*,
You and I our scores shall quit ;
And you'll find the reckoning alter,
If this brain has any wit.

Lord, I'm all in such a flurry
Here and there my spirits hurry,
In a fright how odd one feels ;
What with joy, and fear together,
May I die if I know whether,
I am on my head or heels.

SCENE II.

Miss LA BLOND, Miss MOLLY COCKNEY, YOUNG COCKNEY, and PRISCILLA, who opens and looks out at a window.

Miss M. Oh! here! you are the person I want to speak with—Miss what do you call it—what is your name?—*Miss*——

La Blo. Do you speak to me Ma'am?

Miss M. Yes, child, to you——I am given to understand, that you prosecute a conduct very unbecoming a young woman in your situation——You should consider, girls in business have nothing to depend upon but their characters; and let me tell you,
it

it is neither modest, nor decent, to run after a young man as you do after this.

La Blo. Who I run after him?

Miss M. Yes, you Child—but preserve a little more respect—my cousin here tells me he can have no quiet fi— you.

La Blo. No quiet for me!—Do you say so Master Watt?

T. Cock. Yes I do, and it is truth.

La Blo. You are a saucy, impudent, jack-a-napes.

Miss M. Fye, Miss!—What vulgar expressions!—Good language at least—I told you to preserve a little respect—it seems you want to trap the young man into a marriage.

T. Cock. So she does—she cannot deny it—and she has given it out, all about the neighbourhood, as I am sworn to her on a book—But if I am it would not hold good in law, for it was only the Ladies Magazine.

Miss M. Cousin *Walter*, give me leave—Such reports, child, are of a very black nature—You should consider our family—you are not equal—

La Blo. I am not equal? ha! ha! ha!

Pris. Ho! ho! ho!

Miss M. Very well, Miss *Prissy*—you shall be chastised for your ill manners, I do assure you.

La Blo. Ha! ha! ha! not equal!

Miss M. Why, you little impertinent, dirty slut, how dare you have the assurance—

La Blo. Oh! ma'am if you forget your politeness—

Miss M. Do you think then, you pert baggage, that I put myself upon a footing with every insignificant milliner's doll,—but take notice, I have hitherto given you my business, and recommended you to a great many customers—but from henceforth neither Mrs. deputy *Dumpling*, nor Mrs. *Iscariot*, nor lady *Muzzy*, nor Mr. alderman *Turtle's* lady, shall ever take a shred from you.

La Blo. Miss *Molly Cockney* your servant.

LOVE IN THE CITY:

Lord! what a tail our cat has got!

Why here's a fufs indeed!

You really take upon you, ma'am,

More airs than you have need;

What ever you may think ma'am,

I'm not so near the brink, ma'am,

Of age, or decay,

That I need beg and pray

A husband did I seek:

And I think I'm as good,

Both in flesh, and in blood,

As you any day o' th' week.

SCENE III.

YOUNG COCKNEY, *Miss MOLLY COCKNEY, and*
OLD COCKNEY.

O. Cock. Cousin Molly his lordship's come.

Miss M. You did not bring him thro' the shop I hope?

O. Cock. No, but the Colonel's in the shop, eating almonds and raisins——I desired the boy to give him what he asked for, and not take any thing.

Miss M. They have arrived in an exceeding unlucky minute. Heavens, what a pickle you are in!——You do not intend to go up in that manner? Put on your slate coloured coat, and your red sattin waistcoat.

O. Cock. I will, I will.

Miss M. But hark you——have you determined what to do with this West-Indian——I allow you, cousin *Cockney*, her fortune is very considerable?——but she has no more breeding than a rhinoceros.

O. Cock. Ah! but if you would take her in hand——

Miss M. Not I, truly——But a thing is come into my head, which I will communicate to you——There is this officer who she has had an intrigue with, it is a very lucky opportunity; and I think my cousin *Walter* ought to shew himself a gentleman.

O. Cock. How do you mean?

Miss M. Why he must send this officer a challenge——fight him.

Y. Cock. Lord I was never learned to fence.

Miss M. No matter——Pistols——I will get a gentleman shall be your second—And I know it is right.

O. Cock. Well, but cousin Molly, I think it would be better to marry the girl first——My brother talks of sending her abroad in a day or two, and he tells me she is willing to go off to Scotland with him to-night.

Y. Cock. So she is.

O. Cock. Well, do you see, son *Walter*; I know nothing of this affair; 'tis all a secret from me, so I will give you no advice——Even do as you think proper yourself, child—there is money enough in the compting-house.

SCENE IV.

YOUNG COCKNEY, PRISCILLA.

Y. Cock. Miss *Prissy*, come down here; I want to speak to you——Well I have been thinking of what you were saying to me; and, if I was certain you was in earnest——And I thought you would not return to any of your old tricks.

Pris. To be sure, Master *Watty*——I have been a very sad girl, and I do not deserve that you should have any kindness for me.

Y. Cock. Perhaps Miss *Prissy*, you think I cannot get a wife—There is a widow gentlewoman worth a matter of forty thousand pounds—her husband was a great sugar-baker in Ratcliff-Highway——and, if I would marry her, she would settle every farthing she is worth upon me.

Pris. Indeed I do not doubt it.

Y. Cock. But you are for an officer it seems—And I don't see that they are a bit cleverer than other people——I believe I have been reckoned as genteel as any of them—besides what is a little outside shew—If you had a mind to go to Scotland with this here Captain, now its odds if he could find money to pay for a post-chay.

Pris. I don't care for the Captain; I wish you would not mention him at all—I am ashamed when ever I think of it.

Y. Cock. So you ought.

Prif. I know I ought, but I was bewitched, I am sure I have been crying about it like any thing; you may see how red my eyes are.

Y. Cock. Ah! fudge! that is no crying, you have been putring to an anian—But, I say, if you get yourself ready, I will go along with you as soon as it is dusk—Don't you think these cloaths becomes me, Miss *Prissy*? I have a mind to take them along with us.

Prif. You look very jemmy in them, I am sure.

Y. Cock. Why I think they shew the fall of my shoulders—I have a very fine fall in my shoulders; have not I Miss *Prissy*?

Prif. Yes indeed have you.

Y. Cock. Well but there's one thing as, perhaps, you are not acquainted with, if you marry without my uncle's consent, you are not to have no fortune; so that I am taking you hap at a hazard; and if he should not forgive us afterwards, I shall have you to maintain; which will be very hard upon me.

Prif. Oh! but he will forgive us—besides if you come to Jamaica with me, I'll raise the Negers for us—it's only giving them a few yams, and licking them, and they'll do any thing you bid them.

Y. Cock. Well, we cannot go yet; but you may prepare yourself, while I step in—Miss *Prissy* don't you think our going off will be in the news papers?—We hear that a great West-Indian fortune has lately eloped with the son of an eminent grocer in the city—and when we come back, I warrant there will be noise enough about us.

In the morning, what a dinging
With the Parish bells a ringing,
And the rattling of the drums:
Then besure the music comes;
Fiddles, bass, and sweet hautboy.
All to with our honours joy.

But

But plague o' your horn,
 'Tis not to be borne;
 Oh silence that ominous sound:
 Play, instruments play;
 Drums rattle away,
 And let it for ever be drown'd.

SCENE V.

PRISCILLA and the negro girl, who appears at the window and throws out the things her Mistress calls for; which she puts on as fast as she gets them.

Pris. Quasbaba!—throw out my bonnet, and my black silk handkerchief; I will be ready in a minute, he shall not wait for me I warrant him—How purely I have managed it; if the Captain does but meet us now—*Quasbaba*—throw down my gloves—Watt thinks, as sure as any thing, I will go with him—He is the greatest fool that ever I knew—But suppose the Captain should not meet us must I go off with *Watt*?—Ecod I will not—I will bawl out in the street, and say he is running away with me—let me see now, have I all my things? have I forgot nothing.

Dear me how I long to be marry'd,
 And in my own coach to be carry'd;

Beside me to see,
 How charming 'twill be!

My husband, and, may be;

A sweet little baby,

As pretty as he.

Already I hear

It's tongue in my ear:

Papa! papa!

Mama! mama!

Ha ha ha ha ha!

Oh

Oh gracious! what calling,
 What stamping what bawling;
 When first I am miss'd by the clan!
 Miss *Molly* will chatter,
 Old square toes will clatter,
 But catch me again if they can.

SCENE VI.

Changes to a room in COCKNEY's house, handsomely furnished in the modern taste. On one side a tea-table, with candles, at which are discovered SPRUCE and PENELOPE; to whom, after the Duet, enter Miss MOLLY COCKNEY.

Pen. Now fortune, now exert thy pow'r;
 Oh shed on this important hour
 Thy influence benign;

Spruce. Nor thou, O love, thy aid refuse—

Pen. A lover asks.

Spruce. A lover sues.

Both. Their hopes befriend,

Direct, defend;

A lover's cause is thine.

Miss M. My lord, I humbly beg your lordship's pardon for leaving you, and have a thousand apologies to make in behalf of my kinsman, who has not yet had the honour to pay his respects to you—But to tell your lordship the truth, his best wig is not yet come from the barber's; and I could not prevail upon him to approach you in that he wears every day.

Spruce. Oh! madam! I am sorry Mr. *Cockney* should make any ceremony—however, I have been so well entertain'd—your cousin wants nothing but a title—I am amazed where she could get such a knowledge of high life—but I doubt she has been obliged to your instructions—

Miss M.

Miss M. Why, my lord I have endeavour'd to give her the principles—cousin *Pen*, my lord is exceedingly pleased with you——But throw back your shoulders ; and bridle a little more.

Pen. Pray, my lord, is a woman of fashion permitted to love her husband ?

Spruce. What do you say, ma'm ? I think its rather against the rules ; but, by your asking that question, I suspect you have got some ungenteel prejudices, which we must endeavour to root out——Come, pry'thee let us hear how you would like to live with your Husband ?

Pen. Why, in the first place, I would give him my heart so wholly, and entirely, that he should be sure to have all my affections and attention ; and, in order to have his in return, I would do my utmost to render myself more agreeable to him than any other woman could be. I would rather be kind than fond ;—I would let him see that I never express'd above half the love I had for him : in short, I would do every thing to please him with joy, and if ever he did any thing to displease me, I would bear it with patience.

Spruce. Oh, gad, madam, this will never do—it smells so strong of *Cheapside* and the *Poultry*—it is overcoming——

Miss M. Cousin *Penny*, how can you expose yourself——

Pen. Dear madam I only spoke to be better inform'd ; and if I must be a woman of fashion, you shall find I can stare, and laugh, and prate——

Spruce. Bravo !

Pen. And be as impertinent, idle, and good for nothing, as the best of them.

Bright in gold, in jewels blazing,

Like a comet see me go ;

Scatt'ring terror, and amazing,

All the little world below.

With

With a look their freedom awing,
How the Cits will hang their ears,
Gaping, staring, humming, hawing,
When her ladyship appears.

SCENE VII.

*Miss MOLLY COCKNEY, SPRUCE, OLD COCKNEY,
WAGG.*

Wagg. Come in, Mr. *Cockney*; come in; you are not afraid of his lordship, I hope—Zouns he will not bite you, Man—I wonder what the devil makes people so afraid of a lord.

Miss M. My kinsman!

Wagg. My lord, give me leave to present to you a gentleman who does honour to the worshipful company of grocers—this is Mr. *Cockney*.

Spruce. It is a long time, Sir, that I have languished for this felicity.

O. Cock. O my lord—Your lordship—I—

Miss M. Cousin *Cockney*, won't you desire the favour of his lordship to sit down—Chairs quickly.

O. Cock. Colonel, I would beg a word with you, if you please—I'll tell you what I have been thinking of—Suppose I was to ask his lordship to borrow a little money of me, you know that would be setting things upon a sure foundation.

Wagg. Zouns, you are in such a hurry---Have patience, and I will let you know, when it may be done with propriety—My lord has not Mr. *Cockney* a special good house here? With his pretty flock paper, and his prints, and his cheque window curtains.

Spruce. A very good house indeed, and I am particularly pleased with the taste and elegance of this apartment---Is that a Vandyke over the chimney, or a Rubens---A family-piece I suppose Mr. *Cockney*?

Miss M. My lord, its my grand Dada---he was alderman of *Portfoken*-ward---his spouse is over the door there by the same limner---I remember her in
her

her latter days---her name was *Esber*---and for a crooked woman, I think she was as genteel a creter as ever I set my eyes on.

Spruce. A propos---Do you know colonel, that I have some thoughts of finishing my thing upon *Black-Heath*, this summer? I think my seat in the north at too great a distance, Mr. *Cockney*; so have a mind to have one nearer the Metropolis---and from whence do you think I took the model of my building?

O. *Cock*. I don't know my lord---perhaps from St. Paul's-Church.

Spruce. From the mount of a lady's fan, upon honour.

Miss M. Well that must be vastly elegant.

Wagg. Why, my lord, Mr. *Cockney* himself has a country seat at *Newington-Butts*.

O. *Cock*. Ay Colonel, it's well enough for a mouthful of air of a Sunday---but *London* for my money---I see nothing in *Europe* like it.

Spruce. Then you have been abroad, Sir?

O. *Cock*. About two and twenty years ago, my lord, I was as far as *Birmingham*---My first wife, poor woman, she died of a dropsy! made it her request to be buried in the church-yard, with her father and mother; and as it was summer time, I thought it would be a pleasant Journey.

Spruce. Mr. *Cockney* I beg pardon for interrupting you---Pray Colonel who had you last night at the dutchesses?

Wagg. Do you mean at supper?

Spruce. Ay.

Wagg. Why, Sir, for Women, we had the countess of *Hubbub*, lady *Dye Brimstone*, Mrs. *Scribblecard*, the widow *Tarter*, and the two *Miss Noisies*. Then our men were, lord *Sweep-stakes*, Sir *Harry Trash*, count *Grin*, *Jack Nonsense* of the guards, and baron *Torrow*---damn his name---the what do you call it envoy?

Spruce. The countess of *Hubbub* lives near you, Mrs. *Cockney*, she is a prodigious good sort of woman.

Miss M. My lord, she bears a very fine reputation, in the neighbourhood---I have not the honour of being known to her ladyship.

Wagg.

Wagg. Vastly religious, and exceedingly humane--- hardly ever misses St. *James's* Chapel, when the royal family are there, and goes to all the charity plays and operas.

O. Cock. Does your lordship love music?---If you please my daughter shall play you a tune upon the spinnet, and sing you a song.

Wagg. Mr. *Cockney*, shall I sing you a song?

Miss M. Sir, if you will do us that favour-----

Spruce. Oh, Colonel! I am sure you cannot sing.

Wagg. Indeed but I can, my lord; and, to oblige *Miss Molly* here, I will too---Tho' I protest I have got a great cold.

O. Cock. Go, go, good fingers are never without one, as the saying is---You must sing Colonel.

Wagg. Must I?

Miss M. My cousin means, Colonel, if you think proper.

Wagg. Come then I will sing you a song, that is a devilish favourite with all the court ladies---Ask my lord else---Hem---hem---though I protest I am quite out of voice, I am afraid I shall hardly get through it.

There was a pretty maid, she met a gentleman,
And soon to chat, of this and that
Together they began.

[*tide.*
They talk'd of politicks; they talk'd of winds and
Of weather, stock, and what's o'clock,
And other things beside.

Then said the gentleman, Oh charming pretty maid,
A little bit, let's go and sit,
My dear in yonder shade.

Then strait reply'd the maid, Oh Sir excuse me pray?
Who, I go there? for shame---forbear;
Lord! what would people say?

He told her of the bliss, she told him of the sin,
He pull'd, he swore: she---said no more;
And so they both went in.

And

A COMIC OPERA.

41

And here my story ends, perhaps the whole's a lye,
It may be so, for what I know,
You have it cheap as I.

SCENE VIII.

OLD COCKNEY, *Miss* MOLLY COCKNEY,
SPRUCE, WAGG, PENELOPE; and after-
wards BARNACLE.

Pen. Mercy on us, papa, what shall we do?—
Here is my uncle *Barnacle* coming up stairs—I do
not know where he has dined, but he is in a terrible
condition.

O. Cock. Your uncle *Barnacle*?—

Miss M. Why did you not tell him there was no-
body at home?

Spruce. Is there any thing the matter Mr. *Cockney*?

O. Cock. Nothing, my Lord; only—

Barn. A pack of drunken, impudent rascals, that a
sober citizen cannot pass his way for them—Hey-
day! who have we here?

Miss M. Cousin *Penny*, what shall we do? I hope,
my Lord, you will excuse it, the gentleman is a little
disguised in liquor.

Barn. Why, *Nick Cockney*, what is the meaning of
all this?—Are you elected sheriff, or going to set
up for parliament-man—Illuminations, fire-works!
one, two, three, four, candles; and, by all that's
bad, they are wax!

O. Cock. Brother! brother! pray go to bed—My
lord I am so confounded—

Barn. My lord! my lord! What have we lords
here? I beg your lordship's pardon.

Wagg. Well said, old anniseed.

Barn. Anniseed—what do you mean by an-
niseed?—Sir, you are a coxcomb; and, my lord,
you are another; with your gold stuff—Let me see—
Is that Lyons or Spittle-Fields?—French—French!—
Starving the poor weavers, and their wives—a pack
of damn'd—

O. Cock. Dear brother!

Barn.

Barn. Get along about your business both of you.

Miss M. Cousin Penelope have you any Hartshorn about you? my back opens and shuts.——

Barn. Oh! ho! you have been drinking tea——

Pen. come hither; fill me out some in this bason——
Starving the poor weavers and their wives——

Wagg. Mr. *Cockney* I beg your pardon, but I must be under a necessity of tossing this old scoundrel in a blanket.

O. Cock. Oh, colonel! I humbly beg.

Miss M. Cousin Nic don't say a word in his behalf; the Colonel would serve him right, if he was to run his sword through his body.

Wagg. So I should, Madam; and, by heaven, I have a——

Spruce. Moderation, my dear Colonel——To be sure this treatment is a little new to a man of my distinction——however, Mr. *Cockney*, I shall over look it.

O. Cock. O! my lord, tread upon my neck, trample me under your feet.

Wagg. Do, my lord, since Mr. *Cockney* desires it.

Spruce. Pr'ythee have done——Mr. *Cockney* we will take our leave——

O. Cock. Will you my lord?——Well, if it must be so——but this, I hope, will not occasion you to alter your disposition towards me and my family.

Spruce. By no means, Sir; you shall hear from me to morrow-morning——permit me only to take leave of your daughter.

Ah, why, my dear,

This boding fear?

Let nought your peace invade:

The Clouds at last,

Are gone and past,

Which wrapt us in their shade.

Night

Night is withdrawn ;
 A smiling dawn
 Breaks with enliv'ning ray ;
 Each mist dispels,
 And all foretells
 A fair and happy day.

SCENE IX

*Miss MOLLY COCKNEY, BARNACLE, PENELOPE,
 and afterwards, OLD COCKNEY.*

Barn. Are they gone ? I am glad of it—Perhaps if they had staid much longer, I might have been apt to say something to affront them.

Miss M. Affront them ! Do you know what you have done here Sir ?—Do you know that you have been insolent to a peer of the realm ?

Barn. A peer of the realm, old spinster ?

Miss M. Ah ! don't come near me.

Barn. Do not be afraid, I am not going to kiss you, I promise you—But why do not you cover those withered jaws of yours, as a woman of your years should—Then calling yourself, *Miss Molly*—*Mrs. Mary* would be more becoming—to my knowledge, you are upwards of fifty.

Miss M. Cousin *Cockney*, will you suffer me to be affronted in your house ?

Barn. Oh ! *Nick*, you have been to see your company out,——Well and who is this lord ? You think I hear nothing of your doings—I know this is the fellow you are going to marry your daughter to—but, if she has him, she shall have nothing from me.

Miss M. Fiddle faddle, who cares, with your mouthful of moonshine——while you want to ruin the family.

O. Cock. Yes indeed, brother, you would ruin the family.

Barn.

Barn. Where is *Priscilla Tomboy*—I have found a passage for her ; and please the fates I will be shut of one plague.

Miss M. How should we know where she is—would you make us the keepers of your wild-beast—Cousin *Cockney*, let's leave him—*Penny*, my dear come along—An unmannerly, drunken old brute.

S C E N E X.

B A R N A C L E.

Barn. Ay, go your ways, I will be even with you all yet—For, as I said to Mr. Alderman, a man is never too old to marry—Well but, says he to me, my dear friend—Well but, says I to Mr. Alderman—I will advertise for a wife—I know *Charles Say* very well, he and I are of the same club—and I will have it in the front of the *Gazetteer* to-morrow morning ; it will cost me five shillings, but I will stop that out of my wife's first quarter's allowance.

This is to give notice, that a man about fifty,
Healthy and vigor'us, and of humour thrifty ;
Longing to taste of a virtu'us fruition,
Wishes to change, out of hand, his condition :

Beauty and youth little stress will be laid on ;
But, if he could, he would marry a maiden ;
So, to prevent any fruitless vexation,
Widows are pray'd not to make application.

Cash there must be, in hand, or annuity ;
For which a jointure in case of viduity.
From principals—letters post paid—as directed :
Honour and secrecy may be expected.

SCENE XI.

Changes to Ludgate-Hill, with a view of Saint Paul's. Time, the evening, towards dusk. Enter SIGHTLY, disguised as a sailor, with WAGG.

Sightly. Ha! ha! ha! upon my soul I did not know you——who would have thought to meet *Tom Wagg*, the attorney, metamorphosed into an officer?

Wagg. And who would have expected to meet *Charles Sightly*, the officer, metamorphosed into a sailor?—But what do you think of our adventure—are not we a couple of accomplished knight-errants?

Sight. Why, Sir, I am in some sort of the order myself, as my present dress I think may testify——But where is *Spruce*?—Has he deserted you?

Wagg. No, he is only gone to a relation's house in the neighbourhood; I believe the old fellow frightened him so, he had occasion for a dram to recruit his spirits.

Sight. And do you hope to bring it to a marriage?

Wagg. Hope, my dear? It is a sure thing—and, in order to make clear work with the family—I propose paying my addresses to Miss *Molly*—She has six or seven thousand pounds, and I think I could kill her in three weeks.

Sight. No, no, an old woman is not so easily kill'd as you imagine—but is it not whimsical that I should have an affair in the same house?—I know, *Wagg*, you love a frolick, I wish you would assist me in what I am upon here.

Wagg. What, to take the squaw from the young grocer?

Sightly. Ay—there's the fellow habit to this at my friend's over the way, which will serve to disguise you—and, if you are afraid they should distinguish your voice, I know you have more than one at command.

Wagg. Arrah is it game you are making? the devil burn me, but I'll *Darby Cavanagh* in a crack——Stand out of the way you little bastard.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

SIGHTLY, *Miss* LA BLOND.

La Blo. Captain Sightly! Mercy on us you brought my heart into my mouth.

Sight. Well, you see I am a true foldier, at my post and ready for engagement—Her letter mentions the Bell-Savage-Inn——If so, we cannot be better station-ed than here.

La Blo. No, no, you are very well, and they will be here in a minute — Only I just run down before them, in order to have a little discourse with you--- Lord we shall make them so ridiculous——But I say, Captain, when you have got *Miss Tomboy*, where do you think to take her?

Sight. To *Scotland* directly, my girl.

La Blo. Ay, but there's the vengeance of it, the deuce a farthing is she intitled to, if she marries without her guardian's consent.

Sight. The devil! how do you know?

La Blo. We have just had it from those who are very well acquainted with her affairs; and Mr. *Barnacle* is such an odd man, he would not value to give it to an hospital, out of spite.

Sight. What the plague shall I do then?

La Blo. Why take her from Master *Watt* if you can——She shall go and lye at my aunt's to night; and, in the morning, if you will leave every thing to us, I am certain we have hit upon a plan, to get Mr. *Barnacle's* consent to your marriage.

Sight. Lye at your aunt's, my dear?

La Blo. Yes captain, yes—for it is absolutely necessary, lest there should be a bustle about this affair, that we should have it in our power to prove that no harm was intended.

Sight. Then, my dear, I will leave every thing to you: I am sure I cannot be in more trusty hands.

La Blo.

La Blo. Without doubt you know the ill treatment I have met with from Mr. *Cockney's* son, and the whole family indeed——And you may think it will be a satisfaction to us to be revenged on them, if we had no regard for you.

Sight. Well now my dear, you will have the laugh against them, at least.

La Blo. But that is not enough, Captain—between ourselves it would be a very good match for me——but, you will see—to-morrow, perhaps, I may hit upon a trick to bring my own affairs about as well as yours.

Sight. Well said, my girl; and, tho' *Young Cockney* has forsaken you, be assured, in a market where there is such a demand for beauty, your stock will never lye upon your hands.

A lass so genteel and so pretty,
Is certain a husband to find;
My dear, the gallants of the city,
Are neither unfeeling nor blind:

Those lips carry nectar and honey;
Those eyes have a witchery strange;
And something besides getting money,
Can tickle a heart on the Change.

S C E N E XIII.

YOUNG COCKNEY, PRISCILLA, SIGHTLY, WAGG
singing, and afterwards Miss LA BLOND.

Pris. La, Master *Watt*—you hurry so fast---I vow I must stop and rest myself; so I must; I am as tired as can be.

Y. Cock. Why would you not let me call a hackney-coach then?—But I tell you it will be dark presently, and we shall meet some highway-men on the road near London.

Pris.

Pris. Well stay a moment then till—I buckle my shoe—it was you that was so long before you came out—Oh, la! there are a couple of men standing yonder at the corner—I won't go any farther—Master Watt—

T. Cock. What's the matter with you?

Wagg. “I am Captain *Delany*, no blushes will shame me, bekays I came out of the county of *Mayo*.”

Pris. Master Watt.

T. Cock. If ever I knew the like of you! There's no danger; come along.

Wagg. Arrah, hip, *Jack*—Tunderanowns, why don't you come here?—Is not that your *Judy* tripping along with yonder lathy shank in the big coat?

Sight. *Judy!* *Judy!*

Wagg. Musha *Juda*, my sowl is it you?

T. Cock. What do you mean fellow?

Wagg. Arrah what does your self mean, you tief of the world? If its women you must have, will nothing be after serving you but other men's wives? Have you no bowels for the peace of a gentleman's mind, and the honour of his family?

Sight. Do you think I do not know my wife—I know her for all the silk gowns you have given her—And I'll make her know me—

T. Cock. Miss *Prissy*!

Wagg. Ub bub boo, she has chang'd her name too—I'll be bound for it now you'd be after persuading me that she was not christened *Judy*.

Sight. Comrade don't be in a passion.

Wagg. Bad luck to the little blackguard. Let me be at him—Nation to my sowl, if I won't cut him as small as tobacco.

Sight. Keep your temper.

Wagg. Well I'll be easy—only let me see his blood.

La Blo. Master *Watty*, Miss *Prissy*!

T. Cock. Look you there—here's a young gentleman that knows us.

La. Blo. What's the matter?

Wagg.

Wagg. Nothing, my jewel! only a vild villian here wants to rob my friend of his wife—Ye tiet is it wanting to rob the man you are?

La. Blo. Rob him!

Wagg. Why I tell you, my jewel, I know the girl's mammy as well as the woman that bore me—It is not half an hour ago since I met her with her crutch and her little basket "Pray buy some gingerbread of the best, of a poor old woman, I shall take it extremely kind."

Y. Cock. Do you hear this?

Prif. I feel myself, growing as sick as a dog—
Oh gemini! what's coming o'er me!
My heart in my breast leaps about like a frog,
And the place is all swimming before me!

La. Blo. Miss Prissy, what ails you,
What fury affails you?
You'll throw the young Lady in fits.

Y. Cock. They think, by their swearing,
Their ranting and tearing,
To frighten us out of our wits.

Wagg. } No farther we'll talk ———
Prif. }
Wagg. } Come, pretty face, walk.

Y. Cock. How! will you go with them?
Prif. Why, here don't you see them;
What pidgeon can get from a hawk?

La. Blo. To take her away, since you see them so bent,
If I was as you, I would give my consent.

Y. Cock. You laugh at me do you;
Prif. No harm shall come to you;
No, no, Master Watt,
Indeed there shall not;
I'd rather go with them.

C

Y. Cock.

Y. Cock. You're all in a plot.
But if I stand here
You shall pay for it dear:

Wagg. } Come out then Toledo, that never knew fear.
Sight. }

Pris. } That stroke won the day,
La. Blo } O pray run away ;
} They'll cut you, they'll slash you,
} To mammocks they'll mash you,

Together. Oh pray run away,
That stroke won the day,
Well, well you may chance for your frolick to pay.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The inside of COCKNEY's shop. Enter BARNACLE,
YOUNG COCKNEY, and PENELOPE.*

Barn. I say, I will not see her ——let her go from whence she came—I shall write her friends in Jamaica word, by the next packet, that I was not strong enough to hold her, and that when I was on the eve of sending her back to them, she ran away from me, and went upon the town.

Y. Cock. Do so, uncle ; and I wonder she has the impudence to come back, after laying out all night.

Barn. And I wonder, firrah, you dare have the impudence to take her out, when I ordered she should keep the house—Is not it all your doings ?

Pen. Well, pray, dear Sir, let me prevail upon you to see her, and hear what she can say for herself.

Y. Cock.

Y. Cock. She can say nothing for herself, sister Penny; though I know well enough her being taken from me was all a contrivance; for notwithstanding the men were disguised, I could plainly see one of them was an officer; and I believe Miss La Blond was concerned along with them — however fair she may carry it.

Pen. Ah! poor girl! she is not like to carry any thing fair long: I have just been over at her house, where I have left my father — it is indeed a most melancholy spectacle, she has quite lost her senses, and they say its for love of you, brother.

Barn. For love of him, he is a pretty Adonis for girls to go mad for.

Pen. Well, uncle, will you condescend to see this unfortunate girl?

Barn. Where is she?

Pen. Above in my chamber, she is afraid to come down without your permission, but she seems really sorry for what she has done, and perhaps things may not be so bad as they appear.

Y. Cock. O, I warrant they are bad enough.

Barn. I'll break your bones.

Y. Cock. For what?

Barn. Bid that slut come hither — But here take my cane, I will not trust myself near her with a weapon, lest I should do her a mischief.

Pen. I will go for her, Sir, — and pray brother, do you treat her with a little more gentleness, she will never love you if you are so ill-natur'd.

Y. Cock. With all my heart.

Who cares a pin for her love,
Hang'd like a dog may I be,
If I would give this old glove,
To have five times better than she.

C 2

What

LOVE IN THE CITY:

What lose I?
 Plague of her negers, her sugar and rum
 False, fly,
 She's for the devil a chum.

Which way you will you may try her,
 You'll find her a vixen, a liar,
 The man who for nothing should buy her,
 Too dear his bargain would pay;
 But where's the need of orations?
 E'en send her back to her relations;
 She's fitterer for the plantations,
 Than here with Christians to stay.

SCENE II.

BARNACLE, PRISCILLA, WAGG, and afterwards
 YOUNG COCKNEY.

Barn. Oh! madam run-away——

Pris. Don't be angry, pray don't, and I'll tell you——

Wagg. No, Sir, pray don't be in a passion with Miss, and she will confess every thing; for as I told you, my dear, this gentleman should be with regard to you, what a bridle is to a horse; a rudder to a ship, a dog to a blind-man: you are the horse; he is the bridle; you are the ship, he is the rudder; you are the blind-man, he is the dog: and I cannot help thinking Mr. Barnacle, he was a wise fellow who said, brisk girls are like champaign, which will fly if it be not well cork'd up. Now, Sir, by the words cork'd up is meant——

Barn. Hussy, what made you go out last night?

Pris. Why it was master Watty made me, we were going to Edinburgh! to be married.

Barn. To Edinburgh! Oh the dog——Walter!

Wagg. Master Watty?

Barn.

Barn. What firrah, you took this girl out with you last night, in order to go to Edinburgh to be married.

Y. Cock. Well it was she herself proposed it.

Pris. Suppose I did, you know when I was in the house I could never be at rest for you; whenever we were alone together, you were always talking bad to me.

Wagg. Oh! you young rake.

Y. Cock. Talking bad to her, if ever I used an undescent expression —

Barn. Sirrah, I don't doubt it, hold your tongue; but I say, where have you been all night, let me hear that?

Pris. You'll be angry.

Barn. Tell me the truth.

Pris. Why the gentleman that loves me, the officer that was here yesterday, met master Watty and me in the street, and took me away from him — And — but why did he take me out?

Barn. Ay, it's very true, it's all your fault, firrah.

Wagg. Well but stay darling don't cry — Lord help it, how it's little breast pants and heaves; you say this officer took you away; where did he take you chicken?

Pris. To his lodging, for he said he loved me so, he could not live without me, and if I did not comply with his desires, he said, he would kill himself on the spot.

Barn. Comply with his desires!

Pris. I knew now, he would be in a passion.

Wagg. Contain yourself, worthy Sir; you hear this young fellow loved her; alas! Mr. Barnacle what is nian? Man in this world, Sir, may be compared to a hackney-coach upon a stand; continually subject to be drawn by his unruly appetites, on one foolish jaunt or another; but you will say, if his appetites are horses, which as it were drag him along, reason is the coachman to rule those horses — But, Sir, when the coachman reason, is drunk with passion —

Barn. Hark you hussy, I have but one question more to ask you, are you ruin'd or not?

Pris. Oh ho — he, he, he.

Barn. You impudent —

Pris. Why the gentleman makes me laugh.

Wagg. I fancy Mr. Barnacle, pretty Miss does not clearly understand the purport of your question — my dear your guardian would know — Let me see — he would know, whether you and the gentleman pass'd the night in the same chamber?

Pris. Why, I'll assure you at first I was against it, for I said I did not think it was becoming; and he said he would rather lye in the street than incommode me.

Wagg. Poor young fellow, there was good nature.

Pris. Yes, he said so, indeed; so seeing him so polite, I said he should not run the risk of catching cold for the love of me, and that I would rather put myself to any inconvenience whatsoever.

Wagg. Well, one good turn deserves another, that was pretty of you again.

Barn. And so you —

Pris. Why he said he'd be civil to me.

Wagg. Mr. Barnacle, I see this affair disconcerts you, but things are not so bad, as to be past mending — I dare swear, this young fellow will be glad to marry her, and in spite of what some people may affect to think, I maintain a patch is better than a hole at any time —

Pris. Oh! yes, I'm sure he'll marry me, for he gave me his promise, two or three times.

Barn. Get you gone hussy!

Pris. I knew now, this would be the way.

Young, and childish
Somewhat wildish,
I perhaps have done a fault;
And at variance,
With experience,
Little knowledge dearly bought.

Yet

Yet have feeling,
 Let me kneeling,
 Your compassion to implore;
 Pardon now, Sir,
 And I vow Sir,
 I will never do so more.

SCENE III.

BARNACLE, PENELOPE.

Barn. Pray, Sir, take her up stairs, and you, firrah, get out my sight. Penelope come hither! this girl is ruined — and all the blame will lye upon me.

Pen. Upon my word, Sir, it appears very odd, I understand from her above stairs, that no harm had happened at all.

Barn. Oh child, she will lye as fast as a horse can trot — But now to your affairs — The account you give me of the trick you have play'd that old blockhead, your father, pleases me — But who is this young fellow — a mercer you say — Well — a tradesman is the party I should chuse for you — But is he in good business, a sober, careful young fellow? and wont he neglect his shop, to run after horse races, and cock-matches.

Pen. No, Sir, that I am sure he wont.

Barn. And he does not game; so much the better — I knew a mercer once, that ruined himself with laying wagers with his next door Neighbour, which should sell most in a day. And I desire you won't hurt your husband by your extravagance, in cutting off silk gowns for yourself, if you must wear silk, wait 'till there are a sufficient number of remnants, and if they are of different colours dye them.

Pen. I shall be sure to take notice Sir.

Barn. And so Molly took the mercer for a lord, and his companion the attorney, for a colonel?

Pen. Yes, truly, Sir, and takes them for the same still, but as we proposed to be married this morning, I would not dispose of myself without your consent.

Barn. You shall fare the better for it child — But, I say, Penny, here is another thing you should consider — Matrimony, my dear, is like a mouse trap, it is easy to get into, but hard to get out of; and if you should suffer yourself to be decoy'd by a bait —

Pen. Sir, I am morally certain that I shall never have cause to repent; I am only afraid the liberty I have taken with my father —

Barn. His folly made it necessary — But I must now go to this officer, and to look for some letters which I expect to have at the Rainbow in consequence of an advertisement of mine in the papers to day — bring my cloak, hat, and cane — And, I say, Penny, be careful now, and industrious; and saving, above all things be saving.

For your good, I advise you,
And so if you're wise you
Will think;
Still regard the main chance,
'Tis the clink,
Of the chink.
Is the musick to make the heart dance.

Honey
Our money
We find in the end
Both relation and friend;
'Tis a helpmate for better for worse:
Neither father, nor mother,
Nor sister, nor brother,
Nor uncles, nor aunts,
Nor dozens
Of couzens,
Are like a friend in the purse.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

PENelope.

Pen. So, this step I think was a wise one; by making my uncle our confidant, I have secured him in our interest, and should my father, upon the discovery of his error, fly into extravagancies, we are provided with a friend who will be able to appease him: for myself there is but one way to take; I must pretend at first, to be as much shocked at the disappointment as any one: I know we shall have a dreadful hurricane — but no matter.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Yet, yet, on hope relies;
And the last sigh that rends his heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SCENE V.

Changes to the street between COCKNEY's house, and Miss LA BLOND's. Enter Miss M. COCKNEY, from the shop, fanning herself, WAGG following her.

Miss M. Lord! Colonel you have put me into such a heat.

Wagg. Well madam, need I say any more.

Miss M. Sir, after what you have said already in the house, I will not affect to misunderstand your meaning; indeed I think the sooner affairs of this nature are brought to an eclairecissement, the better; tho' I know some of the sex like to lead gentlemen on —

Wagg. Why, look you, Miss Molly, I am a plain man, and a soldier, and I shall only tell you this, I love you; does any one ask me why, what business is that of theirs; you are neither young, genteel, nor handsome — no matter — there is something about you that hits my taste — Now my lord is going to be married this morning, what objection have you to make me happy?

Miss M. With regard to person, none, Sir.

Wagg. Madam your most —

Miss M. With regard to family — none, Sir.

Wagg. Why, I can tell you, we are of a damn'd good family — we come out of South Wales.

Miss M. With regard to fortune, Sir, in an affair where my heart is concerned, I should not be over rigid; however, tho' what you was pleased to intimate just now, about my years, be truth, it is not so much so, but that in consequence of a union between you and me, there might be prospects of family —

Wagg. Madam, I see you are a wise woman — But make yourself easy, if we have not above seven or eight sons, I can dispose of them in the church, and the army, and for half a dozen daughters, I have interest enough to make them maids of honour.

Miss M. Well, but colonel, there is another thing — you will pardon me for mentioning it — Perhaps you may be given to women — And if after I have fixed my affections —

Wagg. Madam, by all —

Miss M. Oh, pray, Sir, do not swear, you will frighten me out of my wits if you swear.

Wagg. Well, madam, to oblige you I won't — But is there no rival in the case? — Come — that snuff-box was a present — some substantial rascal in the city here, presumes upon the merit of a plumb or two —

Miss M. Not at present, upon my honour, Sir — In the life time of my papa and mamma, there was a gentleman made proposals, but he was a Jew, and I would not hear of it but in case of conversion.

Wagg.

Wagg. Then, madam, let me taste your snuff — and so you assure me now, that there is no fear of a rival.

Miss M. Sir, I will deal ingenuously with you, I wish you had opened your mind to me yesterday, for at present I am engaged in a matrimonial negotiation —

Wagg. Zounds what is the matter with me — a — a —

Miss M. Sir, are you indisposed?

Wagg. A — achee — achee! achee.

Ten thousand devils take her snuff;
Was ever man so fluster'd;
How can you keep such cursed stuff?
'Tis hellebore or mustard.

See, only see,
Achee, achee, achee;

To take a pinch,
I dug an inch,
What fury could provoke me?
So plagued, so vex'd —
I wish the next
Goes up my nose may choak me.

SCENE VI.

WAGG, *Miss MOLLY COCKNEY*, OLD COCKNEY,
SPRUCE, and then *Miss LA BLOND*, as a mad
woman.

Spruce. What shall we do, Mr. Cockney? She follows us — Stand out of the way.

La Blo. Thieves! thieves! thieves!

O. Cock. How now, Miss Nancy my dear? What is the matter with you?

La. Blo.

La. Blo. Give them me back again, give them me back.

O. Cock. My dear we have taken nothing.

La. Blo. Let me search your pockets——Shew me your hands—I thought one of you had stole my wits—but I see you have none about you——Heigh-ho.

Wagg. See madam, the cruel effects of love.

La. Blo. How now! who are you?——Hecate or Jezebel?

Miss M. Ah! ah!——She has been bit by a mad dog, she has been bit by a mad dog——I read it in Lloyd's Chronicle, Sir—Last Wednesday there was one ran down Holborn, that bit a chandler's wife, two charity children, and a life-guard's man.

O. Bock. Miss Nancy, my dear, do you know me?

La. Blo. You? Let me look at you a little—Oh oh—Yes, yes, I know you well enough—you are old Time with the bald pate——Where is your hour-glass, and your scythe?——And who has cut off your wings—Begone, begone——what have lovers to do with you.

O. Cock. This is all on account of my son Watty, cousin Molly, whom she thinks has forsaken her——Her aunt tells me she was raging in a terrible manner last night—The maid tied her hair behind, put on a furtout-coat, and call'd herself my son, and you would not believe, how all on a sudden she grew as mild as an infant.

La. Blo. Was you ever in love?

Wagg. Yes—by infernal Cerberus, I was; I am in love, Miss; and I feel myself now almost as mad as you are—Blow winds——

Miss M. Oh, pray Colonel——

La. Blo. I was in love once—but my love was false, false, false—Yonder is a butter-fly, let me catch it—Softly, softly—It's a wasp, it is a wasp, it is a wasp.

Miss M. Look how she stares, she's going to snap at somebody.

La. Blo. Four aldermen in a coach; Ha! ha! ha!—And yet I cannot help crying when I think of the poor horses.

Spruce.

A COMIC OPERA.

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Spruce. She should be taken out of the air—give me your hand, my dear, and I will lead you.

La Blo. What! are you a physician? Here feel my pulse—is it an ague, or a fever—do not you feel how hot I am?

Farewell, farewell, all hopes of ease,
The flames upon my vitals seize;
What strange variety of pain!
Cold, cold, as ice;
And in a trice,
Now, now, I burn again.

But soft! who there in ambush lies?
'Tis Cupid I know,
By his wings and his bow,
And the bandage he wears on his eyes:
Ah, urchin, your smiling
Is false and beguiling
A shaft from his quiver he drew;
He levels—see, see,
He shoots—and—ah me!
The traitor has shot me quite thro'.

SCENE VII.

Miss MOLLY COCKNEY, OLD COCKNEY, SPRUCE, WAGG.

Miss M. These are vapours, I was once troubled with them myself on the striking-in of a rash: they should give her wormwood steep'd in cherry-brandy; wormwood to be sure Sir, is a little bitter, but it's one of the wholesomest yerbs in the world.

Wagg. Yes, madam, it's a very fine yerb.

Spruce. She's violently agitated indeed.

Wagg. And all on account of Master Watty.

O. Cock. Truly, Colonel her aunt tells me so—
And the doctor is of opinion, that nothing will cure her,

her, but some tenderness from the boy — So I have promised to send him to talk to her — To be sure, before this affair, she was a discreet modest well spoken young body as could be.

Miss M. Then you had better let your son marry her.

Spruce. Faith, Mr. Cockney, I should have no objection to it, if the young folks had none.

Wagg. And it is really ten thousand pities to see a poor pretty young creature turned upside down —

O. Cock. Oh, Colonel, by no means, I will not hear of it at all.

Miss M. But I believe if your lordship thinks of going to church this morning, we are very near the canonical hour.

O. Cock. My lord, you have taken care of a licence — according to desire I have left every thing to you.

Spruce. Mr. Cockney, I have taken care.

O. Cock. And, I hope your lordship will not be displeased at it, I have ordered a dinner, and invited a few friends, to celebrate the nuptials.

Wagg. No, no, Mr. Cockney, his lordship will be very well pleased.

O. Cock. I will send down my daughter then.

Spruce. I see, colonel, your chariot is yonder — suppose you and this lady were to go first — I would willingly make as little parade as possible.

SCENE VIII.

SPRUCE.

Spruce. At length, thanks to my own address, and the folly of my good friends here, our project is brought pretty near a conclusion; there is but one turn more necessary to wind up the machine, and then we will let it go down with an alarm, which will waken them from their golden dream with a vengeance.

Love is like an ocean wide,

By outrageous tempest toss'd;

Where advent'rous hearts are try'd,

And too often wreck'd and lost.

But

But the danger daunts not him,
Who with generous passion glows;
Boldly launch'd to sink or swim,
As the wind of fortune blows.

SCENE IX.

Changes to the chamber in COCKNEY's house. Enter OLD COCKNEY, YOUNG COCKNEY, and a maid servant; and afterwards, in a boydening manner, enter PRISCILLA.

O Cock. Come, friend Margery, let us see how you have settled things — have you dusted well, and swept — no cobwebs, nor slut's corners — Have you put candles in all the sconces? And set the best set of burnt China on the tea-table.

Y. Cock. When we begin to dance, papa, who shall I take out for my partner?

O. Cock. Miss Muzzy, to be sure, child; I have asked Sir George and his lady — But what have you done in the other chamber, friend Margery? I must go look at that — we should have card tables there.

Pris. Oh Lord, see here, if I have not tore my gown.

Y. Cock. I am glad of it.

Pris. And why are you glad?

Y. Cock. Because I am, who sent for you up stairs?

Pris. Why, your uncle Barnacle desired me to come up.

Y. Cock. My uncle Barnacle, I do not believe it.

Pris. I am sure but he did tho', he call'd a bit a-gone at the shop, and said, he'd be here himself presently.

Y. Cock. Well, if you dine with us, you shall not stay in the evening to dance.

Pris. I will, if I like it.

Y. Cock. You shan't.

Pris. Master Watt, have you been to see Miss La Blond yet? She's gone mad for love of you: I am sure you ought to marry her.

Y. Cock.

Y. Cock. I am sure I won't tho' — I would sooner let her go to Bedlam.

Pris. Ecod, I believe she is only making game.

Y. Cock. I think you have a great deal of impudence to speak to me, after your behaviour.

Pris. I think you have a great deal of impudence to tell me so, but there's a gentleman that will teach you to know your distance, you paltry, dirty grocer.

Y. Cock. Ah, spite!

Y. Cock. Furious still like a cat,
Squalling, biting, scratching;
Or yet what's worse than that,
A serpent mischief hatching.

Pris. What you say to me, Sir,
Is not worth remarking;
For every little cur,
We know will be a barking.

Y. Cock. There's a lady — Oh, la,

Pris. You'd be glad to trap her;

Y. Cock. Who I?

Pris. Yes, you.

Y. Cock. Nya, Nya.

Pris. Conceited whipper-snapper.

Both. Say your worst,
Fret till you burst,
Only try,
Which you or I
Will be tired first.

SCENE

SCENE X.

PRISCILLA, YOUNG COCKNEY, SLIGHTLY, BARNACLE, *with a large bundle of letters, and afterwards* OLD COCKNEY.

Barn. Come in, Sir, go on that side of the room if you please — 'till I call upon you — keep your distance, huffy.

O. Cock. Friend Margery.

Barn. Oh! Nic, you see I am come here without being asked — it seems you have stole a wedding upon me; why did'st not thee let me know it, man? I might have added something to thy daughter's portion.

O. Cock. It was his lordship's desire, brother, that I should keep it secret.

Barn. His lordship! What then thee hast married thy daughter? —

O. Cock. To a nobleman — brother, I hope you won't take it amiss?

Barn. Not I, truly — but is he an earl or a viscount, or, only a simple baron? — Ah! Nic, Nic, thou wilt prove a fool I fear in the end — Come hither you Sir, hold this parcel of letters for me — it is what my advertisement brought me in three hours — Let me see — here is one sealed with a thimble — That should be from some superannuated sempstress; at all events, I will put it into the left hand pocket — Two doves billing — that should be something pretty — I am a gentlewoman come to misfortunes — and I believe I should be a gentleman come to misfortunes, if I had any thing to say to you — In with the other — Here's one seal'd with the pipe of a key; another with a piece of smoaky sealing-wax, and a wet thumb — But what have we here — Sure I should know this hand — stay a little — hum! hum — This is right, this is excellent; Oh, oh, oh, oh, I would not but this had happened for a hundred pounds! Go lay those letters aside, here's company.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

YOUNG COCKNEY, BARNACLE, PRISCILLA, SIGHTLY, SPRUCE, WAGG, PENELOPE, *Miss* LA BLOND, OLD COCKNEY, and *Miss* MOLLY COCKNEY.

Y. Cock. Here's my sister, and the lord she's married to, stand out of the way, *Miss* Prissy.

Pris. Stand out of the way, yourself.

Barn. Be quiet you devils — gentlefolks walk in — Penny, my dear I wish you joy: your servant my lord; your servant *Miss* Molly — what is the mad woman here to —

Miss M. Oh heaven's, my lady, he's drunk again — I am afraid he will commit some new brutality — Cousin Nic, cousin Nic.

Barn. Captain, step this way if you please, and you young succubus — Come, pray range yourselves in order: for I have something to say to every one of you; but let me see for my paper of memorandums, where I have your names and titles exactly set down, that I may take you according to your quality.

O. Cock. Brother, what are you going to do?

Barn. Never fear Nic, only going to act as master of the ceremonies, and first for you, Sir — My memorandum tells me, that your name is Charles Sightly, lieutenant in I know not what regiment of foot, that you have seduced this girl —

Pris. Well, why don't you speak? Yes, he has.

Barn. In a word, Captain, I am informed my hopeful ward here, has pass'd the night at your lodgings — Answer me upon your honour, is it so or not; for in that case I must e'ngive her to you.

Sight. You ask me upon my honour.

Barn. Ay.

Sight. Then Sir, I will not give it in a falsehood for my interest; the young lady has not pass'd the night with me, but we agreed she should say so, in order to incline you to our marriage.

Pris.

Pris. Oh you fool.

Barn. Hold your tongue impudence — You are a brave young fellow, I believe; my own relations don't deserve her money (for as to herself, I only consider her as a clog in the bargain) because they strove to cheat me out of it; therefore I give her to you.

Pris. Oh my dear guardian!

Barn. Let me hear no more of you — Hold, to whom does my memorandum direct me next — To those gentlemen I believe — and it tells me, Sir, that your name is William Spruce, and yours Thomas Wagg.

Wagg. Yea, verily, those are our names.

Barn. The one a pretended lord, the other a pretended Colonel.

O. Cock. How!

Miss M. Pretended, a pretended lord! Ha, ha, ha,

Barn. I shall make you laugh at the other side of your mouth, presently, I say pretended — But in reality a young mercer, and an attorney's clerk, who have imposed upon your ignorance and credulity, and you may thank heaven you did not fall into worse hands.

O. Cock. Is this truth?

Pen. And must I be confined still to a counter, shall I never ride in my own coach, keep an assembly, and be call'd her ladyship?

Wagg. Gentlemen and ladies, I perceive my companion here is so struck with amaze upon this occasion, that he has lost the faculty of speech, I will therefore be spokesman for him — and I say, madam, you shall most certainly ride in your own coach, keep an assembly, and be call'd her ladyship.

Miss M. Look you there, Sir.

Wagg. That is to say, if ever my friend comes to be lord mayor; but at present, I confess, we are what that gentleman has reported us, a couple of counterfeits, his excuse is love for you, mine friendship for him.

O. Cock

O. Cock. I shall never be able to shew my face again.

Miss M. You are a couple of infernal villains, and I will have you prosecuted.

Barn. Hold, hold, madam, it is your turn now; Pray do you ever go a husband hunting? — You must know good folks, a friend of mine out of a joke, advertised yesterday for a wife, it has brought him above two hundred letters, and among others, one from this withered harradan, here it is, you shall hear it.

Miss M. They shall not hear it! It is none of my writing, I can swear to my letters, and I will have you indicted for forgery — I will as I hope to be saved.

S C E N E the LAST.

YOUNG COCKNEY, BARNACLE, PRISCILLA, SIGHT-
LY, SPRUCE, WAGG, PENELOPE, *Miss LA BLOND*,
OLD COCKNEY, and gentlemen and ladies.

Barn. Get you gone, you ridiculous old — and now, I think, there is but one more I have to question, which is you, Miss, is it true that you went mad for love of that shotten herring yonder?

La Blo. No, Sir, it is not truth indeed; but I was ridiculous enough to play that farce in hopes to bring him to what I thought would be doing me justice: however, I am heartily ashamed of my folly, and come here on purpose to confess, and beg pardon for it.

Barn. Hark you, child, I know your family, and your bringing up — Do you think if a husband was thrown in your way, old enough to be your father, that old Nic would not tempt you to — you understand me —

La Blo. Sir, I think I should make him a good wife.

Barn. Says't thou so my girl, why then I will marry
 you myself to morrow morning — Ladies, and
 gentlemen, you are all heartily welcome — Pray
 salute the young bride and bridegroom, and be as merry
 as music and good cheer can make you.

Spruce. With pleasure I the Lord forego,
 While thus my fair caressing:
 I envy neither wealth nor show,
 Nor ought the peer's possessing:
 True happiness alike may wait
 On ev'ry station, ev'ry state,
 Below, above; 'tis faithful love,
 And virtue makes our blessing.

La Blond. Here Sir, receive your willing wife,
 To church you need but hand me;
 Suspicion wounds the married life,
 Confide in, and command me.
 To antient husband's, girls be good,
 Remember jointur'd widow-hood;
 That time may come and then — But mum,
 He, hem — you understand me.

1. Cock. Hear City youths this friendly rhyme,
 'Tis worthy well attending;
 O go not on, your precious time,
 In vain delights mispending:
 Bucks, bloods and smarts, reform your ways,
 Leave dancing, wenching, gaming, plays;
 First get the cash, then cut a flash,
 Nor be ashamed of mending.

Sight. I have been naughty I confess,
 But now you need not doubt it,
 I mean my follies to redress,
 And strait will set about it;
 'Tis modest sweetness gives the grace,
 To birth, to fortune, and to face,
 That charm secure, will long endure,
 And all is vain without it.

Wagg.

LOVE IN THE CITY:

Wagg. And now our scenic task is done
 This comes of course you know, Sirs,
 We drop the mask off ev'ry one ;
 And stand in statu-quo, Sirs :
 Your antient friends and servants we
 Who humbly wait for your decree ;
 One gracious smile, to crown our toil,
 And happy let us go, Sirs.



F I N I S.

